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From the St. Louis Revue.
THE INDIAN GAMESTER.
BY JOHN BROWN.

In former times the Nabajo Indians on
the borders of New Mexico, and the Pue-
blo Indians in the country were at war,
and the deadly hatred of the races for each
other extended to individuals.

One autumn day a Nabajo Indian had
gone out hunting, but had not been at all
successful, and towards night became wea-
ry. To add to his misery, as evening
drew nigh, a furious storm was approach-
ing. His anticipations were gloomy in the
extreme, for in order to facilitate his hunt-
ing, he had brought but a small piece of
blanket over his shoulders, and he knew
that to lay out on such a night, with his
body more than half naked, would be little
short of death itself.

The Indian had remained in this frame
of mind for some time, when he observed
a particular rock which hung out from the
side of the mountain, and was by that sud-
denly reminded that there was a cave in the
neighborhood, and this he was at length
fortunate enough to discover.

The aperture of the cave was small, but
he squeezed his body, and was soon at the
extreme end of the chamber, where he coiled
himself up to sleep with a rock for a
pillow.

On the same evening a Pueblo Indian,
the mortal enemy of the Nabajo, was simi-
larly situated. Having had poor success
in his hunt, he too was without a blanket,
sad and weary, he too, was loth to spend
the night in the storm; and he had thought
of the cave, which he was diligently seek-
ing. At length, like the Nabajo, he found
it and crawled in. He did not go far
back as the first hunter, but laid himself
down near the centre of the chamber. The
Nabajo, in a sound slumber, was uncon-
scious of his entrance and the fatigued Pueblo
was soon asleep that he did not hear the
breathing of his enemy.

In the morning the Nabajo, having slept
longer, was earliest awake, and rose when
he saw the first faint light at the aperture
of the cave. Assuming to pass out he stum-
bled over the Pueblo, who was laid across
the narrow chamber, and awoke him. In-
stantly the Pueblo sprang to his feet, and
demanded who had disturbed him. The
Nabajo answered by asking when and how
he came into the cave, to which the Pueblo
replied that he came in the night previous
and had slept there. And who are you?

RUTLAND HERALD.

BY GEO. H. BEAMAN.

RUTLAND, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1847.

Vol. 53—No. 49

demanded the fierce Nabajo. The Pue-
blo replied, giving his name and nation,
and demanding the same of his interrogator,
which as the Nabajo was a 'brave,' were of
course given.

The two mortal enemies were surprised
to find themselves thus strangely, in the
presence of each other, but they did not fight;
for two men alone together, when there are
no spectators to hiss them on, and they can
remain at peace without censure or ridicule
very seldom fight. Whether the Indians
were like other men matters not, but at least
they did not fight. On the contrary they
very quietly and rationally talked over the
war of their nations, discussed it in all its
bearings, and finally agreed as soon as the
cave should be light enough, to spend a few
hours in gambling.

The game played, was the position of a
small pebble, whether under one or another
of their four moccasins, having been re-
peatedly placed under each of them, by the
operator before stopping to decide the bet.
Small sticks were used as counters, and a
kind of low chant accompanied the game
in its progress.

Having commenced, the enemies were
intent on the play, but they had not much
property about them to stake. The first
things put up were their arrows, one by one
of which the Pueblo soon won all the poor
Nabajo had. They then put up their bows
and the Nabajo won the bows of the Pue-
blo. Thus one had all the arrows, and the
other the two bows. All the arrows were
now staked by the Pueblo against the two
bows held by the Nabajo, and the former
won. The Nabajo was thus stripped entire-
ly of the means of defence, and of procuring
subsistence. He then proposed to bet a
small piece of his scalp, about the size of a
dollar, to be taken from the crown of his
head against the bow and arrows which
had been his. To this the Pueblo readily
agreed, and again won! The Nabajo sub-
mitted to have the piece taken from his
head, and with the long hair which had
been the pride of the owner, the Pueblo
tucked it under his belt. The play had
got to a terrible pass, but once absorbed in
gambling, these Indians know no limit;
and care but little how precious the stake.

Smarting with pain, yet not showing it
by the twitch of a single muscle, the Nabajo
proposed to bet his right ear against as large
a piece of the Pueblo's scalp as he himself
had lost. Desirous to possess his enemy's
ear as well as his scalp, the Pueblo joyfully
assented to this, but the Nabajo won, and
it was now the Pueblo's turn to lose a
part of his scalp. He too smarted with
pain, but did not let his enemy perceive a
sign of his feelings; for the fortune of In-
dians, under some circumstances, is won-
derful.

The Pueblo still trusting in his good
luck, which he thought would return the
next trial, proposed to stake the tips of
their noses! To this the Nabajo could but
agree, or incur the charge of cowardice;
and so the notes were posted. But the Pue-
blo was again unfortunate, and lost! He
had to suffer the tip of his nose to be taken
off, which would disfigure him for life.

The Nabajo now gained an over-
whelming confidence, and proposed to stake
the tip of his own nose against his own bow
and arrows, which he was still anxious to
recover. This was a proposition in which
the Pueblo, with his own nose gone, could
with no little satisfaction assent—the game
went on—and the Pueblo won!

Both the enemies were thus left without
ends to their noses, horribly disfigured,
and both had lost part of their scalps, but
the Nabajo was still far behind his adver-
sary, who had his bow and arrows. To re-
cover those he proposed to stake his right
ear against them; and the Pueblo, still ex-
ceedingly anxious for his enemy's ears,
heard the proposition with the utmost pleas-
ure; but the Nabajo won! Both parties
were again equal; but both parties were
minus the tips of their noses and parts of
their scalps.

As soon as his bow and arrows were re-
turned to him the Nabajo sprang to his feet
and drew on his enemy whose bow laid be-
yond his reach. The Pueblo seeing that
the Nabajo had the advantage, and expect-
ing death every moment, sat quiet and mo-
ved no part of his body.

'Are you afraid to die?' asked Nabajo,
his bow still bent.

'No!' proudly responded the other.
'Nor I either,' said Nabajo; 'you are a
brave. I did not believe it before. I tho't
you were a squaw, but now I know you
are a man. Do you believe the same of
me?'

'Put down your bow and I will tell you.'
The Nabajo threw his bow from him,
leaving himself as unprotected as his ene-
my had been. The Pueblo retained his
position, looking for some minutes directly
at the Nabajo.

'Yes, I believe it,' said he.
'Then,' said the Nabajo, 'we have cut off
each other's noses, we have taken each other's
scalps—let us hereafter, as braves, be
friends!'

I must think of that before I say yes or
no,' said the Pueblo, and the Nabajo hav-
ing resumed his seat, still leaving his bow
at some distance from him, they both re-
mained for nearly an hour as quiet and im-
movable as statues. At length the Pue-
blo spoke.

'Will you tell me one thing?' he asked.

'If I can,' replied the Nabajo.
'Our races have been long at war,' said
the Pueblo; 'it has done us no good, it has
only thinned off our people, till we find
both nations dwindling slowly away. If I
agree to what you say, will you go to your
people as I will to mine, and try to make
peace between them?'

It was now the Nabajo's turn to think,
and another hour was spent in profound si-
lence. When he had made up his mind
'I will do it,' said he, 'it is the best to do
it.'

'Then,' said the Pueblo, 'from this day
we are friends. We will exchange presents
we will defend each other, and each to the
other must here promise on the sacred ar-
row to avenge the death of the other if killed
by friend or foe. Let us smoke.'

'Let us smoke,' echoed Nabajo.
The Pueblo then took a small pipe from
his pouch at his belt, filled and lighted it;
and the two, who were so recently enemies
smoked together to cement their new brother-
hood.

They soon after parted—each to his own
people. Both were true to their pledge, &
exerted themselves to induce their people to
make peace. With their bloody crowns,
and curtained noses, they were strange look-
ing ministers of peace, but as they both re-
fused to tell how they had lost their scalps
and the tips of their noses, the mystery be-
gan to have an effect among a rude people
and they became invested with a character
of profound sacredness. Their influence
rapidly increased, so that in a few weeks
their object was effected and a general coun-
cil of the two tribes was held, at which a
peace was entered into which lasted many
years.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

We select the following interesting facts
from an address recently delivered by Pro-
fessor Maep before the Mechanics' Institute
of New York.

A globe, placed in water, or air, in mov-
ing, meets with resistance, and its velocity
will be retarded. If you alter the globe to
the form of an egg, there will be less resis-
tance. And then there is a form called a
solid of least resistance, which mathematicians
studied for many years to discover; and
when they had discovered it, they found that
they had the form of a fish's head! Nature
had 'figged out' the fish in-
to just such a figure.

The feathers of birds, and each particu-
lar part of them, are arranged at such an
angle as to be most efficient in assisting
flight. The human eye has a mirror on
which objects are reflected, and a nerve by
which these reflections are conveyed to the
brain, and thus we are enabled to take an
interest in the objects which pass before the
eye. Now, when the eye is too convex,
we use one kind of glasses to correct the
fault, and if it be not convex enough, or if
we wish to look at objects at different dis-
tances, we use glasses of entirely another
description.

But as Birds cannot get spectacles, Provi-
dence has given them a method of supply-
ing the deficiency. They have the power
of contracting the eye, of making it more
convex, so as to see the specks which float
in the atmosphere, and catch them for food
and also of flattening the eye, to see a great
distance, and observe whenever any vulture
or other enemy is threatening to destroy
them. In addition to this they have a film
or coating, which can be suddenly thrown
down over the eye to protect it; because at
the velocity with which they fly, and with
the delicate texture of their eye, the least
speck of dust would act upon it as a pen-
knife thrust into the human eye. This
film is to protect it, and the same thing ex-
ists to some extent in the eye of the horse.
The horse has a very large eye, very li-
able to take dust. This coating in the horse's
eye is called the haw, or third eye-lid, and
if you will watch closely, you may see it
descend and return with electric velocity.
It clears away the dust, and protects the eye
from injury. If the eye should catch cold,
the haw hardens and projects, and ignorant
persons cut it off, and thus destroy this safe-
guard.

You all know, if you take a pound of iron
and make of it a hollow rod a foot long,
what weight it will support; a weight many
times greater than before. Nature seems
to have taken advantage of this, also, long
before mathematicians had discovered it. &
all the bones of animals are hollow. The
bones of birds are large, because they must
be strong to move their large wings with
sufficient velocity; but they must also be
light, in order to float easily upon the air.
Birds also illustrate another fact in natural
philosophy. If you take a bag, make it air-
tight, and put it under water, it will support
a large weight, say an hundred pounds.—
But twist it, or diminish the air in it, and it
will support no such weight. Now, a bird has
such an air-bag. When he wishes to descend,
he compresses it at will, and falls rapidly;
when he would rise, he increases it, and floats
with ease. He also has the power of forcing
air into the hollow parts of the body, and thus to assist his flight.—
The same thing may be observed in fishes.
They also have an air-bag to enable them to
rise or sink in the water, till they find
their temperature.

If they wish to rise they compress it, if
they wish to sink they increase it, and
down they go. Sometimes the fish, in sink-
ing, makes too strong an effort to compress
it, then down he goes to the bottom, and
there remains for the rest of his life. Floun-
ders, and some other fish, have no air bag;
and so they are never found floating on the
surface, but must always be caught at the
bottom.

In this way are the principles of science
applied to almost every thing. You wish
to know how to pack the greatest amount
of bulk in the smallest space. The form of
cylinders leaves large spaces between them.
Mathematicians labored hard for a
long time to find what figure could be used
so as to lose no space; and at last found that
it was a six-sided figure, and also that a
three-plane ending in a point, formed the
strongest roof or door. The honey-bee dis-
covered the same things a good while ago.
The honey-comb is made up of six-sided
figures, and the roof is built with three-plane
surfaces coming to a point.

A flexible vessel be emptied of air, its
sides will be almost crushed together by the
pressure of the surrounding atmosphere.
And if a tube partly filled with fluid, be
emptied of air, the fluid will rise to the top.

The bee understands this, and when he
comes to the cap of the tall honey-suckle,
and finds that he cannot reach the sweets at
its bottom, he thrusts in his body, shuts up
the flower, and then exhales the air, and
so possesses himself of the dust and honey
of the flower. The feet of flies and lizards
are constructed on a similar principle, and
they thus walk with ease on glass or ceiling.
Their feet are so made as to create a
vacuum beneath them, and so they have the
pressure of the atmosphere, fifteen pounds
to the square inch, to enable them to hold
on. The cat has the same power to a less
extent.

Plants require the sunlight, and some
flowers turn themselves towards the sun, as
it travels round from east to west. The
sun flower does this, and so does a field of
clover. The facts, though we have not yet
got at the reason of them, are still extremely
interesting.

The Virginia creeper throws out tendrils
in the form of a foot with five toes, each
toe has a large number of hairs or spines,
which entering the small opening of brick
or lime, swell and hold on; but when de-
caying, they shrink and the plant falls off.
The vanilla plant of the West Indies exhib-
its a similar construction, except that it
winds itself around other objects.

ADVANTAGE OF NOT HAVING A QUARTER OF A DOLLAR.

On Saturday, at one of the way-stations
on the railroad between this city and Wor-
cester, a coarsely dressed wayfarer man
stepped into the second class cars, in the
hope of getting trusted for his fare by the
conductor. But he found he had reckoned
without his host. The conductor, on learn-
ing that he could not pay him a quarter of
a dollar—the required amount—ordered
him to get out of the car. The poor man
thought it a hard case, that because he had
on a homespun coat he could have no cred-
it. He was fatigued and in a hurry to
reach Boston. But the conductor was
more inexorable than Charon on the sub-
ject of paying fares, and the wayfarer
man was compelled, much to his chagrin,
to leave the train and trudge along on foot.

He cast a whistful eye after it, as it
whirled along, with the snorting & scream-
ing engine at its head. Wistfully and
angrily he looked at turning a curve in
the track, it was snatched from his sight.
Harsh thoughts rose in his mind—harsh
thoughts of Providence, and of his fellow
men. Why, when so many were comfort-
ably provided for, was he condemned to be
held at arm's length by poverty? And
when drooping with weariness, why should
he be obliged to drag himself along from
station to station on foot while others, on
their cushioned seats, were borne almost at
lightning speed over the ground to their
luxurious homes? And then he thought
of the conductor, who had so promptly
thrust him from the car, and he clenched
his fist and half wished he had him there
before him, that he might make him feel
his weight.

On and on he trudged, revolving these
matters, and accusing his Maker, though
most unconsciously, of cruelty and injustice.
At last on turning an angle in the track,
he saw to his surprise the cars at a stand
still. What could be the matter? He quick-
ly nudged his horse, and as he drew nearer,
he saw the conductor to run to the spot, where
so excited crowd was already gathered.
He made his way through them, and be-
hind scattered upon the ground, the mutila-
ted and disfigured bodies of six of the very
men who had been in the car from which
he had been ejected! The wayfarer was
not a stock or a stone. He at once recalled
the train of thought in which he had been
indulging, and the tears started in his eyes
—tears of once of gratitude and shame.
He could have taken the conductor by the
hand and blessed him as the blind instru-
ment of a saving Providence. He left
the scene of the catastrophe 'a wiser and a
better man.'—Boston Transcript, 5th.

OBSTINATE JURYMEN.—An honest
man, remarkable for the singularity
and doggedness of his opinions, had been
several times on a jury, and al-
ways entertained notions of law and
justice totally at variance with the
judge and his brother jurors. One of
the judges asked him how it was possi-
ble that he always gave so much trouble
to the court? He replied with
the utmost gravity.

'I don't know how it is, but it al-
ways happens to be my misfortune to
be on a jury with eleven obstinate
men.'

A WOUNDED EDITOR.

The following humorous letter is from
'Mustang' the Delta correspondent:—
Among others of the unfortunate wound-
ed who are doing remarkably well, is Mr
Kendall, of the Phoenix, volunteer, and de-
camp to Gen. Worth, and your modest but
humble servant. Mr. Kendall, you will
find in the list of wounded slightly. I do
not think his wound was considered dan-
gerous from the first, as the ball struck him
right in his horse's ear, and at the present
time he looks to be in as fine health and as
well as I have seen him, and as well as a
warrior soldier might expect to be. I
was so unfortunate myself as to be struck
right in my horse's saddle; but the ball was
spent and did not go through the saddle
skirt; therefore as yet I have not suffered
any inconvenience from it.

I also happened to be caught in bad
company at the garrita, and with several
others, was knocked head over heels by the
explosion of a shell, but being in a hurry to
pick myself up I trod upon an officer, who
pettishly said I had no business there, any-
way. I don't regret that as any-
thing as I hurt somebody else, as had as
was hurt myself, now, having taken a bath
and brushed off the dust and smoke of bat-
tle, and between good liquor, good cigars
and a moderate share of the good things of
this world 'am as comfortable as might be
expected under the circumstances. Hav-
ing neglected to have my name put down on
the list of wounded until after it had been
made out, that all the world and my nume-
rous friends in particular, might know that I
too was hurt, will excuse this paragraph
from your modest correspondent.'

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HOGS IN OHIO.

The Buffalo Commercial, under its com-
mercial head gives the following list of hogs
in Ohio, in 1846 and 47, six months old on
the first of June of each year, as returned by
the assessor to the Auditor of the State.
Total number in the State 1846, 1,494,521
No. in 61 counties returned for

1847. 1,372,112
Number in the same counties in
1847. 1,097,864
Increase in the 61 counties 274,247

The whole number in the state for the
year 1847 would be about 1,756,000 which
is nearly one hog for each inhabitant of the
state.

This estimate of the quantity of porkers
in the state of Ohio gives force to the eja-
culation of a bystander in the lobby of the
Senate, some two years ago almost, while
Senator Allen of Ohio was undergoing a
fearful scourging from the roused indigna-
tion of Senator Crittenden of Ky.

The Ohio Senator had indulged in lofty
pretensions to lecture and domineer over
the Senate, which Mr. Crittenden who esti-
mated justly and therefore very highly the
dignity of that body, resented as entirely un-
becoming in any one, but particularly in one
of the age and calibre of the Ohio Senator.

In the midst of his burning reproach of
the assumption of Senator Allen, Mr. Crit-
tenden exclaimed 'upon what meat does
this our Caesar feed?' when a voice from
the crowd answering, literally said, 'hog
meat, to be sure'—the point of that
answer is made manifest by the above
table.—[N. Y. Cour. & Eng.

DESPATCHES FROM MAJ. DOWN- ING.

CITY OF MEXICO, UNITED STATES, }
September 27, 1847. }

Mr. Gales & Son:—My dear old
friends, I am alive yet, though I've been
through showers of balls as thick as hail
stones. I got your paper containing my
letter that I wrote on the road to the war.
The letters I wrote afterwards, the guerillas
and robbers are so thick, I think it's ten
chances to one if you got 'em. Some of
General Scott's letters is missing just in the
same way. Now we've got the city of Mex-
ico annexed, I think the Postmaster Gen-
eral ought to have a more regular line of
stages running here, so our letters may go
safe. I wish you would touch the Presi-
dent and Mr. Johnson a little about this
mail-stage business, so that they keep all
the coach makers at work, and see that the
farmers raise horses as fast as they can, for
I don't think they have any idea how long
the roads is this way, nor how fast we are
gaining south. If we keep on annexin' as
fast as we have done a year or two past, it
wouldn't take much more than a dozen
years to get clear down to 'tother end of
South America, clear to Cape Horn, which
would be a very good stopping place; for
then our government got into bad blood
in North America, and found them-
selves in a dilemma that had no horn to
suit them, they would have a horn in South
America that they might hold on to.

I hope there ain't no truth in the story
that was buzzed about here in the army, a
day or two ago, that Mr. Polk had an
idea, when he got through annexin' down
this way, of tryin' his hand at it over in Eu-
rope and Africa and round there. And to
prevent any quarrellin' beforehand about it
on this side of the water, he's agoin' to a-
gree to run the Missouri compromise line
over there, and cut Europe up into free
states and Africa into slave states. Now
I think he'd better keep still about that till
we get this South America business all done
and well tied up. It ain't well for a body
to have too much business on his hands at
once. There's no knowin' what furies we
may get into yet, and there's always danger
if you have too much sail spread in a squall.
However, I haven't time to talk about this
now.

You will get the accounts of the battles in
General Scott's letters, so I needn't say a
great deal about them. But it has been a
hard up hill work all the way from Vera
Cruz here; and I don't think my old friend
General Jackson himself would have worked
through all the difficulties and done the busi-
ness up better than General Scott has.—
But the killed and the wounded and the
dead and the dying, scattered all along the
way for three hundred miles, it's a heart-
aching thought. I don't love to think about
it. It is too bad that we didn't have more
men so as to march straight without fight-
ing, instead of having just enough to encour-
age the enemy to bring out their largest ar-
mies and fight their hardest battles.

One of the hardest brushes we had, after
we got here, was the attack on Chapultepec.
I had been in the city trying to bring Santa
Anna to terms; but when I found it was of
no use, I came out and told General Scott
there was no way but to fight it out, and al-
though I was only the President's private
ambassador, I didn't like to stand and look
on when he was so weak headed, and if he
would tell me where to take hold, I would
give him a lift. The General said he ex-
pected there would be a hard pull to take
Chapultepec, and as General Pillow was plac-
ed where he would be likely to have the heart-
iest fight, I thought he'd do the country
a good service if I would join in with Gen-
eral Pillow, as my experience under General
Jackson and my insight into military affairs
would be of very useful to that val-
iant officer. So I took leave for that day as
one of General Pillow's aids.

When we come to march up and see how
strong the enemy's works was, says I, Gen-
eral Pillow, it is as much as our lives are
worth to go right straight up and storm that
place in the face and eyes of all their guns;
I think we ought to fortify a little. Sup-
pose we dig a ditch round here in front of
the enemy's works. At that the General
eyes flashed, and he swore right out. Says
he, No, damn the ditches, I've no opinion
of 'em; they are nothing but a bother, and
never ought to be used. The best way is
to go right into the enemy's pell mell. So
on we went and Pillow fit like a tiger till he
got wounded, and the rest of us that wasn't
shot down had to finish the work up the best
way we could.

The long and short of it is, we fit our way
into the city of Mexico and annexed it.—
Santa Anna cleared out the night after with
what troops he had left, and is securing
the country to get some more places ready
for us to annex. When he gets another
place all ready for the ceremony and gets it
well fortified, and has an army of twenty or
thirty thousand men in the forts and be-
hind the breastworks, we shall march down
upon them with five or six thousand men and
go through the burry. After they have
shot down about half of us the rest of us
will climb in, over the mouths of their can-
ons, and annex that place, and so on one
after another.

It is pretty hard work, annexin' in this
way; but that is the only way it can be
done. It will be necessary for the Presi-
dent to keep hurrying on his men this way
to keep our ranks full, for we've got a good
deal of ground to go over yet. What we've
annexed in Mexico, so far, isn't but a cir-
cumstance of what we've got to do.

Some think the business isn't profitable;
but it's only because they haven't cyphered
into it fur enough to understand it. Upon
an average, we get at least ten to one for
our outlay, any way you can figure it up.—
I mean in the matter of people. Take for
instance the city of Mexico. It cost us only
two or three thousand men to annex it
after we got into the neighborhood of it;
and we got at least a hundred and fifty
thousand people in that city and some put
it down as high as two hundred thousand.
Some find fault with the quality of the peo-
ple we get in this country, just as if they
had anything to do with the merits of the
case. They ought to remember that in a
government like ours, where the people is
used for voting and where every nose counts
one, it is the number we are to stand about
in annexin' and not the quality, by no means.
So that in the matter of people we are do-
ing a grand business. And as to the money,
it is no matter what it costs us; for money
grows in the ground in Mexico, and can
always be had for digging.

There's a thousand things in this country
that I should like to tell you about if I had
time; but things is so unsettled here yet,
that I have rather a confused chance to
write. So I must break off here, and write a
few lines to the President; but remain your
old friend in all latitudes, clear down to
Cape Horn.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

To James K. Polk, President of the U.
States and all annexed countries.

Dear Sir:—I've done my best according
to your directions, to get round Santa Anna
but it's all no use. He's as slippery as an
eel, and has as many lives as a cat. Trick
and I cannot hold him, and Scott and Tay-
lor cannot kill him off. We've got hold of
him with our diplomacy, but he slips thro'
our fingers; and Scott and Taylor turn his
head off in every town where they can catch
him; but he always comes to life in the next
town, and shows as many heads as if he had
never lost one. I had a long talk with him
in the city, and pinned him right down to
the bargain he made with you when you let
him into Vera Cruz, and asked him why he
did not stick to it. He said he did stick to
it as far as circumstances rendered it pru-
dent.

'But,' says I, 'General Santa Anna that
ain't the thing; a bargain's a bargain, and
if a man has any honor, he'll stick to it.—
'Now,' says I, 'did it you agree, if the Presi-
dent would give orders to our Commodore
to let you into Vera Cruz, didn't